

THE SALVATIONIST.

NOVEMBER 1, 1879.

A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.

WHEN the devil took our Master up into a high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world, and said unto Him, "All this power will I give Thee and the glory of them, for that is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will I give it, if Thou wilt worship me all shall be thine," it is ordinarily supposed to have been a vain and boastful assertion. And yet, how much there is of the past recorded on the page of history, and how much we see in the present, turn which way we will, to justify the assertion of Satan that he is really and truly *in possession of the bodies and souls of men and of the very world they dwell in*. Look at the savage nations with *their* superstitions, and vices, and *their* bloody wars. Look at the professedly religious nations with *their* superstitions, and vices, and *their* bloody wars, all quite as ruinous, or more so, and, any way, more unreasonable and inexcusable, and all nearly alike soul-destroying in the long run, and we have the most striking commentary and justification of the assertion, that Satan is now, as then, in an awfully solemn sense, the God of this world.

Whether to dislodge and drive the usurper out and rescue the whole world from his diabolical grip may, or may not, be in the divine purpose we care not now to inquire, but there can be no question that it is of God that those who are on the Lord's side should aim at this great and godlike purpose, and direct and devote all their energies to its accomplishment. But what a formidable task, true, formidable because it is not one rebel only, although he be so mighty, but because he has incited to rebellion and established in it so many millions, and whether conscious or not of the fact the whole world is entrenched in dire enmity against God. But though the task be so formidable, thank God, it is possible, for is not even this, the biggest impossibility of which we have any conception, possible to God?

But how? By what means? There is only one way, and that is by fighting. We cannot bow, or notice, or persuade the devil out of this his favourite citadel and stronghold. If polite requests, and eloquent persuasions, and logical arguments addressed to his majesty would have done it, he would have departed long ago. Nay, if indolent or even fervent and believing prayers to the Divine Spirit to drive him out would have effected this purpose, we should have had our Eden again a long time back. But, no, there is only one way—a way, alas, most *unpalatable to indolent and selfish humanity*, and that is to drive him out by actual persevering, self-sacrificing warfare. There is nothing for it but to fight, and to fight to the death. Who is willing for this?

If, then, there is to be fighting, and such fierce and terrible fighting as will overcome this great enemy, there must of necessity be soldiers, and they must be good soldiers, too; and I propose here briefly to describe what

appears to me to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, so that any one may see what they must be in order to have any sort of assurance or prospect of coming off conqueror in this fierce and desperate fight; and,

I.—A good soldier is a good man or a good woman: for in this war both men and women are equally eligible, but whether man or woman *goodness* is indispensable. In other armies this is not a particular desideratum. The recruiting sergeant does not inquire if the recruit has been converted, if he prays without ceasing, or has a clean heart. Very bad men have, I suppose, been what is understood to be good soldiers; but in this Army of Salvation—this Army whose object it is to destroy sin, defeat the devil, and deliver souls from going down to hell—we must have *good* men. God Almighty wants veterans who have been themselves delivered from the power of the foe, washed in the blood of the Lamb, transformed by the Holy Ghost, who will follow Him withersoever He leadeth, and whom He can lead to victory. This is the metal out of which God can make spiritual “ironsides,” “invincibles,” “more than conquerors.”

II.—A good soldier makes war his business. He may do something in other lines of duty: he may be a farrier, a tailor, a shoemaker, a servant, or what not, but after all fighting is his trade. He has chosen it, subordinated, that is, made secondary to it all the other businesses, connections, relationships, and pleasures of his life. If he shoes horses, keeps a shop, has a family, or anything else that is lawful or desirable, or comfortable or pleasurable to himself or any one else, all has to give way to the interests of the war. Any way this should be true, and is conditional and essential to the making of a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

It was true of Paul and Luther and Wesley, and a host of other warriors, and it will be true of every other conquering soldier of modern times. In time of war all Israel of old was one great camp, and every able-bodied man either went to the fight or stood by the stuff. The Christian nation must be a nation of warriors.

III.—A good soldier understands his business. He is intelligent in all that concerns the war, specially all that concerns the part he has to take in it. For instance, he understands the weapons he has to use—his sword, his bayonet, lance, rifle, cannon; whatever his weapons may be he has learnt how to use them, and that with the greatest possible effect upon the foe.

Just so we want soldiers equally skilled in the use of spiritual weapons, who can use the sharp two-edged sword, and pour just at the right time, and at the exact range, the heavy shot and shell of divine truth in upon the foe; who can startle and scatter, and kill, and bring to life again with the truth about God and death, and judgment, and heaven and hell, and Calvary, and a host of other themes. We want soldiers who study the hearts of men, who make themselves acquainted with the devices of Satan, the delusions and excuses and hiding-places of Sinners, and who know how to pour in volley after volley of red hot truth, until they run, or yield, or fall at the feet of the bleeding, conquering Saviour. No wonder there is so little accomplished, seeing that the proposed soldiers of Jesus Christ are so deplorably ignorant of the first principles of war—they don't know how to fight.

Then good soldiers understand how to act in combination. Nothing strikes a spectator more when witnessing a body of troops go through any military exercises than the *precision* and uniformity with which they *act together*. Dear me, they all move as one man, like a machine! is a common

exclamation. And that is the thing aimed at, and therein lies the secret of their power as an army. Without it they would be but a mob. As it is, one will can direct the whole, and by this means and no other, all can act together for any given end. Just so the soldiers of Jesus Christ must learn to act in combination with their brethren.

Individual effort has been extolled and that not at all too highly. Let every man learn the art of personal attack and self-defence, and God give all our soldiers wisdom and courage to stand up *alone*, and to stand to the very death for the King in this warfare; but after all, in spiritual armies, as a great captain said with respect to killing armies, victory is on the side of the big battalions. True! God can and does deliver by the few as well as by the many, and He greatly prefers the *true-hearted* few to the double-minded many. But how much more He prefers to use the *true-hearted multitude*. We need not wait to argue—it is self-evident—it is supported by the Holy Scripture and by ungainsayable facts. Think of the wonderful results that would follow the *united, skilful*, persistent attacks of a spiritual force, say only a thousand strong, upon any town, I care not how large that town may be. A thousand men and women who alike know how to plead with God and man, who have faith to pull down holy fire from heaven, and to set on fire the consciences of sinners with the fear of death, and judgment, and damnation. And who can do this just *in such a manner, at such times, and in such different* places as shall seem most likely to the most skilful minds amongst them best adapted to arouse and trouble and harass the enemy into submission to their rightful Sovereign and Saviour. In other words, think what might be accomplished by one thousand saints who had not in form of speech only, but in as real a manner as any similar earthly transaction could be, enlisted in the Army of the most high God; who had studied and practised and drilled, until they had become familiar with the use of the weapons of their warfare, and who had learned how to act singly and in combined force against the common enemy. We say think of the results, the blessed results of the night and day, and week by week, and year by year attacks and bombardments, and surprises, and all other kinds of unsettlements and miseries which such a force would produce upon the enemies of God in that town. Of course the lives of sinners would become unendurable in the presence of such warriors, who were always, both in season and out of season, bringing them face to face with God and the coming consequence of all their ways, and they would be constrained to remove to some other town, to emigrate, even to wish for death, to get away from this harassing warfare, or—and oh, Hallelujah!—the more probable result would be that the rebels in large numbers would be compelled to come in and submit and be forgiven, and become followers, and soldiers, and children, and heirs, and priests, and kings in the Kingdom of His Glory for ever and ever.

(To be concluded in our next.)

JOTTINGS FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE GENERAL.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 1st.—Left London by the noon train for Cardiff, shaking hands with Mr. Secretary Railton through the carriage window, and doing Army business up to the blowing of the guard's whistle—aye,

after the train had got well into motion. What a world of work there is to be done, and what a little time to do it. Oh, to redeem the moments! I suppose we shall never fully realise the worth of time until we are launched into eternity. Got to Roath, a suburb of Cardiff, in time for the second sitting down to the tea held in honour of the opening of the new hall. It is a substantial little building, with only one fault, but that a very serious one—it ought to have been four times as large. We could, I am sure, just as easily, out of the continent of houses round about it, fill a place that would hold a thousand people as that. However, we must do all the good we can in this, and wait. We had a fairish meeting after tea in the Bible Christian Chapel, kindly lent us. Rather stiff and proper; still there was the opportunity to discern the existence of a band of real Army brethren. May God increase their number, and find them a larger building.

Thursday, 2nd. MAESTEG.—Looked the place through with a view to a building, or a site for the erection of one. Through some untoward circumstances a very fair and promising work seems to have been sadly injured here. Very stormy night, nevertheless a large congregation. Was straitened in talking, but hope some good was done. Large numbers have been saved and joined other Churches through the Army, some receiving as many as a hundred new members.

Friday, 3rd.—NEWPORT for two hours. The work reported as improving. On to

EBBW VALE.—Received a cordial greeting from Captain Thomas, who reported progress. Spent part of the day in inquiries concerning site, building, &c., of a new hall, and at night walked over the mountain to Tredegar. As we turned the crown of the hill, and the lights of the town came into view, the strong breeze blowing brought with it the sound of the most joyous of songs. It was the Tredegar force coming to meet me, and a very joyous meeting it was, and with shouts and songs more joyous still we marched through the town to the Temperance Hall. This is a large building—will seat 1,200 or more—and it was very nearly full. After preaching and no end of interviewing and hand-shaking we fell in again, and sung through the town once more, breaking up on the hill-side with prayer and more singing. I bade them good-bye with unfeigned regret. They certainly do move my very soul with their hearty songs.

Saturday, 4th.—Early to Ebbw Vale for correspondence, and out-door meetings at 3.0 and 6.0, and then indoors at 7.0. Here I laid before the friends that now all was clear for building, and the opportunity before them to assist in the undertaking. An excellent site has been granted us by the Iron Works Company on a lease for 99 years at a nominal rent, and a builder has offered to erect a plain hall to hold 800 people for about £600. Can this sum be raised? We must wait and see. This building, both here and elsewhere, is one of our great difficulties, costing not only money, but so much time and anxiety, and only when it is a dire necessity will I countenance it any way.

Sunday, 5th. BRYNMAWR.—Kindly driven over late last night. Found Captain Kate Shepherd well, and in the midst of a wonderful work. The last time I was here was to view the town and inspect the Pavilion and a public-house attached, with a view to purchasing the same. Since then we have bought them both, and taken possession of the Pavilion, opened it, and therein something like 800 persons have professed salvation. It is a large

wood structure, built and used for a theatre. With some few repairs and alterations it will make a good barrack for the Army.

SUNDAY'S work in it was as follows:—

7 a.m. 500 to prayer-meeting.

9 to 10. About 90 men to a sort of Sunday school to learn to read. 10 to 11. Open air and procession. 11 to 12.30. About 1,000 present to preaching.

2.30. Open air, and afterwards the Pavilion packed to suffocation. Testimonies and an address.

Evening. Procession, and a still greater crowd than afternoon. The newspapers gave the attendance at 2,000. It could not have been much less. Too full for much exertion, however, some 16 souls came on to the stage seeking mercy and many appeared deeply impressed. The following is a statement respecting this remarkable movement, taken from the *South Wales Daily News*, of October 7th:—

* The town appears to have undergone a complete change—quietness reigns now where general disturbance and fights usually prevailed. On Monday a monster tea-meeting was held, and about two o'clock the Army was marshalled into marching order by Miss Shepherd, and paraded the streets, visiting Nantyglo, and singing their favourite pieces. During the week the Army has been visited by several local clergymen and friends from Blaina, Abertillery, Ebbw Vale, &c. The effect of the preaching upon some of the noted characters of the district is wonderful, the police having little or nothing to do. A collection is made at the close of each service towards defraying the expense of the building, and many are the fervent prayers offered up for the success of Miss Shepherd, who is a great favourite among those who usually attend the services."

Monday, Oct. 6th. MERTHYR.—Captain Roberts appeared well and hearty.

At 2.30, met in the market-place. A good gathering, and at 3.0 I preached indoors to a fair audience. God was present. At 6.0, market-place again. Heard some good warm speaking and had a shot myself. I love the open air as well as ever. I seldom open my mouth in it without feeling that I would much prefer to stay there than to go inside, if as much good could be done. I hold it as one of the greatest honours God has put upon me to allow me to bring more into use and fashion the preaching of salvation in the open air. At 7.0 preached indoors. A powerful time. God blessed my own soul abundantly. The people seem united and willing to work. The old theatre, now ours altogether, is an excellent building for our work and admirably situated, and only needs a few alterations cheaply and readily made, in order to become an admirable hall for soul saving. I hope our Merthyr friends will bestir themselves and throw all the energy they possess into the great enterprise they have in hand.

Tuesday, 7th. ABERDARE.—With Brother Edmunds, who had joined me at Merthyr. Business all day. In the afternoon was delighted with the enthusiasm of a band of MOUNTAIN ASH brethren, who prayed and testified and sung with all their might—I like this doing things with your might—and all through the afternoon and evening these brethren enjoyed themselves after this fashion. In the evening we had some open-air work and processioning, and then I spoke for a couple of hours in the SALVATION MILL. Crowded with people, and every now and then made like heaven on earth by the presence of our Master. God bless Aberdare.

Wednesday, 8th.—To Cardiff for the day and at night to PORTH. Captain Shepherd and her daughter Pamela are still making a fair fight here. The

open air was very good. The Welsh and English testimonies and exhortations from men who no little time back were ringleaders for Satan, were pleasing. The house was crowded afterwards—hundreds, the newspapers stated, being unable to get inside. At the close a meeting of the Society to consider how to get a place of our own. All were anxious, only the hard times appeared to be in the way. However, the Porth friends seemed determined, and if they are, where there's a will there's a way. I promised them help, and they shall have it if they will go to work in earnest.

Thursday, 9th. YSTRAD.—Such a crowd as one only sees now and then in a life time. A fair fight to get inside the doors, and then too closely packed to move, and yet too uncomfortable to stand still. However, they did stand or sit or something for two hours or more. And God blessed us together. Oh, what a wonderful spirit of hearing there is in these valleys. I have just heard that some writer has been saying in a Welsh paper that all Wales is, like Bartimeus, sitting by the wayside waiting, and listening for the tramp of the coming of the Salvation Army.

Friday, 10th.—CARDIFF early. Business all day of all kinds, and at night in the old Gospel Hall. This building is doomed to come down for town improvements, and looking at it, if we were only sure of another place equally suitable for carrying on the war, we would not care how soon it was down; for most certainly it is in a damp and dilapidated condition. Still, in it there has been many a baptism and many a birth. From it there have gone forth to every part of the habitable globe souls born of God, washed in blood, and baptised with fire. But already the knell of its doom has been sounded, and when levelled with the ground we shall find shelter in a better place I expect. Those who invited us to that place know well what a brave fight we have maintained, and they will most certainly secure for us quarters equally eligible for carrying on the war. At night we took part in a *very short* open-air service, and then preached indoors and addressed the Society. All looked like unity. Captain Reynolds and his dear wife have just taken command; may they have the prudence and zeal necessary for the post.

Saturday 11th. STROUD.—As our train pulled up at the station we heard the Army music. It was our first visit to this young corps, and they had come out to greet the General. Captain Sayers and Lieutenant Malthouse were overjoyed to greet me, and we walked up the town in the midst of a wondering crowd. I felt at home at once with them, and have not spent many happier Sabbaths in my life than I did with these warm-hearted young recruits. I spoke on the Saturday evening, preached four times on the Sabbath inside, and spoke once in the street; preached again on the Monday morning at 7, and was off again at 10.

They have an excellent hall, a powerful hold of the town, and a lot of young converts ready and willing to be led to any duty for God and souls. May they be kept. I love them and want to meet every one of them again in glory. Depend upon it I shall seize the first opportunity of going back again to Stroud.

Monday 13th. GLOUCESTER.—Business with solicitor and others here concerning Brynmawr property, then looked at the Wellington Rooms and other buildings offered us. Not so large as needed, but still good for a week-night place. Theatre small but comfortable. Since heard that theatre cannot be had until January. That is to be regretted.

CHELTHENHAM. Afternoon.—Captain Hayter and his willing, anxious

wife, greeted me very kindly. They have had a hard pull. The hall has been against them, and many other things. No place so hard, so stony-hearted, so full of mockers and despisers, and I know not what, as Cheltenham. How can any good thing be made in Cheltenham? Oh Lord, increase our faith. This is the sort of place for a man to believe, and suffer, and work, and fight, and conquer in. This very Cheltenham, and when I saw our little force march, and heard them sing and pray and talk, and saw them stand the gibes and jeers and mockeries of such gibbers and jeerers and mockers as are not found anywhere, my soul delighted in them, and I said, assuredly God can make a good thing in Cheltenham, and when three damsels offered themselves to God and the Salvation Army, to go anywhere and face any foe, to bring souls and glory to Jesus Christ, I said further that most assuredly God could also bring good *our* of Cheltenham.

Tuesday, 14th.—Preached again at 7 a.m. to 60 people; had a precious time, and then bade farewell for the present to this handful of saints, leaving them to hold the fort, and went on to

BRISTOL, and saw my son Herbert, and at night preached to the colliers and others at

KINGSWOOD.—Here there has been a measure of division. Oh! how easy it is to damage and slacken the zeal of the Lord's hosts. Still I found the tide rising. There is not a more capable force within our borders if steadily and bravely led against the enemy. And they must be. Captain McMinnies seems full of confidence. I am sure we shall have the victory on this hill. I prophesied it the first time I visited Kingswood. Who will verify my predictions? Oh! for the sake of the men and women who are dying, make haste and do it.

Wednesday.—LONDON once more. I had been away just a fortnight, during which time, by the good mercy of God, I had been enabled to preach 22 times, speak in the open air nine times, travel over 700 miles, spending 32 hours in the carriages, besides incessant business and correspondence, and, through the same mercy, I felt better in health than when I started. Hallelujah! Amen.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

“Do they stand?”—Since we opened fire at Lynn, five men and women who have been saved at our meetings there have crossed the flood in triumph and joined the throng who surround the Eternal Throne. Hallelujah! *They* will STAND FOR EVER.

Northwich is going ahead. Sister Dexter, who is much better, though still far from strong, says this station has not been half reported. Perhaps it would be difficult to tell half the wondrous works the Lord has wrought here. The meetings are as crowded as ever, and sinners are saved. It is proposed at once to build a hall, probably a wooden erection, to hold 800 or 900 people, but then the money must be raised. Will you help? Address, 55, Tabley Street, Northwich.

Mrs. Booth, lecturing in Newcastle recently, said: If they thought she was exaggerating the state of the people, let them try themselves, and prove to their satisfaction the truth of what she said. She asserted that the great mass of the people were utterly heathen, that the great body of the English people were essentially as heathen as the inhabitants of Central Africa, if being heathen

was to live utterly regardless of God and of His plans and purposes under His Gospel. Ninety per cent. of the working population never crossed the threshold of our churches. She cast no imputations on any, but simply stated the fact. They had three places in Glasgow, and she never spoke at such uproarious meetings. The Salvation Army were spoken of as if they were to blame. She said, "This is not my town; this is your town. I have not created this mass of heathenism and ruffianism. It is out of your own town. What have you been doing, you genteel people? When I show you your wares you come down upon me. Why don't you convert them. I only gather them together for you: there they are."

Blyth.—Sisters E. Smith and Baird still in command—the work going forward. A convert recently while walking in the procession was struck with a stone thrown by a little child. He turned round and said, "The Lord bless the cannie bairn; but I have seen the time when I would have thought nothing of throwing it through a top window, but now the lion is changed into a lamb." Hallelujah!

Mother Moore, of Whitechapel, has gone to glory. As she passed away they heard her say, "Come—Lord Jesus—come—quick," and she was gone. Hallelujah! We hope to give some particulars of her life and work later.

Afghanistan.—Brother Lord writes from the Camp, Kandahar, on Sept. 2nd: "I am looking for a mighty revival going to India. We have made arrangements to hold meetings in every camp on the road." A fortnight before he wrote: "I am glad to tell you God is working mightily among the troops at Kandahar. The devil is raging against us, but we mean to keep him under our feet. We have a glorious prayer-meeting every morning. The fire burns within us. I need the prayers of all at Hackney.

"Your brother in the Salvation Army,
"WM. LORD, 2-60th Rifles."

Bridport.—Where once was a raging storm there seems to have come a great calm—far too much calm. A few sisters and one brother, looking very happy and very ready for service, are about, we trust, to follow acting-Captain Jackson and Lieutenant Harvey to fresh fight and increased victory. Brother David Davies has departed, having preferred marriage with somebody to remaining in the ranks. We are very sorry for both parties; sure they will regret this blunder for life.

Chatham.—The enemies of Jesus are very busy at Chatham, but amidst water, flour, turnips, &c., that are thrown at us we are rising. God is with us, stronger than all that are against us. Drunkards and some of the worst characters are being saved. One young woman came to me and asked what she should do to be saved. I said, "Go down on your knees and pray to God for mercy." She did so, and soon found joy and peace in believing. She is now on her way to glory, and speaks well in the open air. God is at work in Chatham. We are believing for a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit. We have better congregations, better collections, and better every way. The Vicar of St. John's Church, Chatham, stood by us one evening in the Military Road, and gave me 3s. 6d. to distribute Magazines amongst the people, saying, "God speed you! You are doing a good work." Hallelujah! the Lord is with us.

Yours, washed in the blood of the Lamb,
4, Alma Terrace, High Street, W. FOSTER.
Chatham, Oct. 14th, 1879.

Bedlington.—Sister Alsop has been very ill, and compelled to be home to rest. Acting-Captain Clinton is in charge; she reports a wonderful break down. Ten souls this week. Theatre full. The place on a move. When a convert backslides his old mates in sin speak of him as a backslider—laugh at him as a backslider. This is good, and if we mistake not, there will be few backsliders.

Millwall.—Must be reported next month. The Salvation Factory is open. Is filled nearly every night, seats 500. Sisters L. Agar and Jackson report opposition outside; crowds and good order in, and many under deep conviction.

ATTACK ON WEST BROMWICH.

RELEASE OF 400 CAPTIVES.

THE success attained here during the first few weeks has been so remarkable that we much regret having had no means of reporting it last month.

Disappointment followed disappointment as to the officers announced to take command; but the sisters who are now on the ground have had perfect victory all along the line.

FIRST SUNDAY.—A good day. At night a crowded house. One soul. The people are very hard, but we shall have the victory.

A very good meeting on Monday night. Two souls. When we go into the prayer-meeting most of the roughs rush out, leaving only the saved people, so we got a lot of them together last night, and we all went into the fountain, and God did bless us.

SECOND SUNDAY.—A good day, hallelujah! seven souls. Since we opened we have had 27 souls saved. On Saturday night one who has been a local preacher for nine years but fell away. We have glorious open-air meetings. We gather hundreds round us.

THIRD SUNDAY.—The Hall was so full that many had to stand, and the doorways were crowded; three souls. Monday, a mighty smash, 11 precious souls; they were all volunteers.

FOURTH SUNDAY.—Oh, hallelujah! a glorious day. Twenty precious souls.

MONDAY.—Place nearly full. Twenty-six precious souls. Glory to God. We have some grand open-air meetings.

During the past three weeks about 400 souls have wept their way to Calvary. Thank God they have not wept in vain, for the Friend of Sinners has been there with His handkerchief of love and wiped away their tears. Oh, Hallelujah!

The following are some of the more striking cases of capture:—

A Prodigal's Return.—"I feel truly thankful to-night for what God has done. He has been better than a father, there is no mistake. I will tell you a little experience of mine on the night the Hallelujah Lasses came to this town. I am a Crier, as most of you know, and I had to go round and tell the people the Hallelujah Lasses were here. If ever I went to work willing it was then, for I felt that I wanted the Lord to pardon me. *I went and rung that bell as I had never rung it before!* for I knew that the Lord had work for me to do. After I had rung the bell I went up to the hall, and there I heard the Word of God preached. The first words that met my ears were, '*Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,*' and I said to myself, '*That means me,*' so I went out and was washed in the precious blood of Jesus; and I feel thankful to-night that I am cleansed from all sin."

One young man said: "I was rambling about one night, and did not know where to go, so I went into the hall, and there heard the Word of God. I went and knelt at the penitent-form, and there got blessedly saved."

A Boatman said: "I am thankful to say that I am now a child of God, and I mean to keep on faithfully to the end."

A Scoffer: "I feel thankful to God for what He has done for me. I feel every time I go to bed I am nearer home. It was only last week that I said a

bad word, and as soon as I got home I went upstairs and prayed to God to forgive me, and he did. I came into the hall at first to make game, but the Lord caught hold of my heart; and now I can praise God along with the rest, and I mean to keep Jesus for my master."

Sixty Years old.—"Well, my friends, I am a young beginner. If ever there has been any one wicked I have—times out of number. I always said if there was anything to die for there must be something to live for, and now I am trying to live for something, bless God! I have been fighting for the country long enough, and now I mean to fight for the Lord."

"I thank God that I am a child of God; if I had not been one of His children I should have been pigeon-flying, drinking, and playing cards on Sundays. But I thank God from my heart that I am washed in His precious blood."

Gambler Sixteen Years old.—"I am glad to say that I am a child of God; I used to gamble, and I used to go to the theatres, but now it is altered. I have no desire to go to such places now, for I rejoice with the Lord, and may I keep so for Christ's sake."

Another one says: "My friends are all in an uproar, saying the Hallelujah Lasses will drive me mad into heaven; but I do not care, I shall still keep on and try and bring some more to the feet of Jesus."

A Converted Roller.—"I am glad to say, that I am washed in the precious blood. I have been a great sinner, playing cards from one o'clock in the morning till six o'clock at night; but now, I am that happy I sing all day while at work. The men asked me the other day if I was going mad. Hallelujah!"

A Converted Pot Caster.—"I feel thankful to God that I feel so happy to-night. I used to like my drink, sitting in public-houses till the shutting-up time; but, I thank God, I want no more drink."

Another one says: "I know I have been a great Backslider. I came into the Hall one night and I got washed in the precious blood of Jesus. I shall keep on now I have begun, I have been that happy this last month that my friends asked me if I was going mad for Jesus."

"My dear brothers and sisters, I am thankful to Him above for pardoning my sins. I feel far happier now than when I was sitting drinking in public-houses helping to pay the landlord's taxes and buying silk dresses. I mean to work for the Lord now, for Christ's sake."

The Hallelujah Bookseller.—He says, "That he came into the Hall and got blessedly saved." He says, "He was very fond of playing at cards."

Pray that God may keep these young converts faithful.

Yours in the battle-field,

ADELAIDE HAYWOOD,
EMILY DOYLE.

4, Reform Street, Udall Terrace, West Bromwich.

ATTACK ON JERSEY.

OUR most southerly station—the nearest yet to sunny France. Already at least one of the French newspapers has noticed—not very favourably, but that does not matter—the work, and we ask special prayer for Jersey, not only for its own sake, but that the work here may be helpful in getting a footing in France.

Sisters Elliott and Fysh commenced operations. At first the open-air meetings were good, but the attendance in the halls was very small and not of the right class; still the work was becoming known and talked of, and our sisters, who are very poorly and overworked, kept bravely on.

Brother Edmonds was then ordered to proceed to the island from Falmouth, and we will content ourselves this month with giving some extracts from his letters:—

"We had," he says, the day after his arrival, "a splendid procession last night; I led six of our people down through the main street, and throngs followed. If

those who come after us only had the pluck to come in we should have filled the place."

"Last night we had fifty folks in the hall, and two came out for salvation—some others wanted to come, but the devil objected. One woman said, 'I's a great sinner, I know's it, and I will come and be saved some night.'"

"I am having some semi-outrageous bills done, which will draw the people. What insignificant things those were you sent to start with." He was right, the bills were very proper and very pretty, and it seems, so far as attracting the people, very useless.

A day or two later we find the repeated efforts—the new bills, the increased congregations, and the enthusiastic processions had stirred up something, for—

"This morning we were called to see the Mayor at the Town Hall. He charged us with having caused an obstruction and obscene language (!) to be used by the roughs, and warned us that if we continued we should be arrested and locked up. I told him we were working under the Rev. W. Booth, and though he wished us to stop we could do so under your orders only."

"We had fully 200 inside last night of just the right sort, and two came out for salvation."

Later.—"The sisters' voices are completely done up: I have to sing solos pretty often. Upon receiving instructions to continue the processions silently, I find this plan seems more effective than the other."

A day or two later Brother Edmonds says:—

"Last night we had a grand open-air meeting in one of the principal squares. We had a silent procession, and the astonishment that took hold of the people was wonderful. Inside we had the best week-night meeting yet—300 present, about a hundred of the lowest of the town."

"We had a big navy down (for salvation); when he got up he said, 'Of a truth, God has pardoned me I am sure.' The sisters are very poorly still—almost done up." But these same sisters are still sticking bravely to their post. Before this is in their hands reinforcements will have arrived, and we expect to hear glorious news from Jersey.

While some of the local papers have given unfavourable notices, there has been also a voice on the other side, and the *Jersey Observer* is speaking out boldly.

Jersey for Jesus. Pray for

Esplanade, St. Heliers.

E. E. ELLIOTT and her
SISTER FYSH.

OPENING AT GLASGOW EAST.

FOLLOWING up the glorious success at the Victoria Music Hall, which, it will be remembered, was opened some six months ago, we secured a hall on the other side of Glasgow, in the district known as Bridgeton Cross. The hall, capable of seating some 600 persons, was no sooner opened than it filled, and every night since it has been filled to overflowing. Aisles, platforms, window-ledges, passages, and every available inch of space has been crowded, and could have been filled three or four times over.

In the first instance Captain Boyce was appointed to take charge, and right gloriously has the work gone forward.

Three or four policemen (and here let us mention the kindness and assistance of the City Police) have been in attendance every night to keep back the crowds wishing to gain admission.

Amongst the testimonies were the following:—

BROTHER: "Friends, my experience is short, but I was saved last night, and I am saved to-night."

SISTER: "If any one knew me it was only for bad, but now I am saved. I am the only one saved in a family of ten." (A voice: "The Lord save the other nine!")

BROTHER : "I was in a ship not long ago ; it struck on a rock. We were all drinking, swearing, and playing cards. If we had gone down we should have all gone to hell together ; but I bless God I am found here saved to-night !"

BROTHER : "I am saved ! (Sensation.) I feel I am ! (Laughter.) My old friends laugh at me ; but I will go on if they break every bone in my skin."

BROTHER : "This is the happiest day I ever pretend. If the Hallelujah Lassies had not come to Bridgeton I should have been gambling all day to-day."

SISTER : "I feel this salvation every moment in the day. I used to tell my poor mother tremendous lies. I would say I was going to class and go to a low music hall, but now I am going to heaven. There is a lot of us down here, but, oh, what a lot will be up there."

BROTHER : "The happiest four days I ever spent, friends. I see some of you laughing at me, but I don't care, I will go on if you throw everything in the workshop at me to-morrow." (Shouts, and a voice "Stick to it, lad.")

Encouraged by this we have determined to secure, both for Sabbaths and week-days, the **Globe Theatre**, which will now be worked all the week round, making three stations in Glasgow.

As yet there has been any quantity of people in attendance. Some glorious trophies of God's saving grace may be seen and heard, singing and speaking in the streets, as well as testifying in the workshops, and this is but the beginning of what God is going to do.

We must remark upon the character of the audiences on a recent flying visit. Nothing pleased the GENERAL more than the crowds of great rough fellows and women, without their bonnets, and these are the sort we are after, and are the sort we are reaching.

Pray for the whole city—and for

34, Reidvale Street, Belgrave Street.

KATE BOYCE,

EMMA BATESON,

MARTHA AND HER SISTER.

IMPRISONMENT OF THE LEAMINGTON CAPTAIN.

ON Wednesday, October 15th, Captain Maycock appeared before the Leaminging magistrates for the fourth time to answer summonses for obstruction on the previous Friday. The obstruction was stated to have been "caused in High Street and Wise Street by singing therein." The sergeant who gave evidence in the first place admitted that there were only 20 of the Army present, and that the stopping complained of took three minutes. This evidence was confirmed of course by two publicans. Captain Maycock addressed the Bench, stating "that on Friday evening the Army passed through the streets named at the rate of two miles in half-an-hour. Fifteen minutes they were in Wise Street, and then marched to the Factory in Packington Place. He saw no obstruction. The crowd walked in the road."

The Bench retired to consider the case, and on their return into court, the Mayor, addressing the defendant, said, "They considered both charges proved. The defendant certainly had chosen the *most* dangerous part of the town to crawl along the streets. He must know how dangerous it was to congregate under the bridges in a great thoroughfare. Why could they not meet at their place of worship as other denominations? The defendant would be fined forty shillings and the costs, twenty-eight shillings, or one month in Warwick Gaol." The defendant declined to pay the money, and was removed, saying he had only done God's will.

Captain Maycock, fully perceiving the spirit of the Salvation Army, which, let it be distinctly understood for now and for ever, cannot "meet in its own places of worship as other denominations," chose rather to go to Warwick Gaol than allow the fine to be paid, seeing that it is at our open-air work as a whole that the magistrates of Leamington aim this blow.

That same afternoon we received from Mrs. Maycock the following telegram : "He has got a month or £3 8s. Has gone to prison—will write to day—praise the Lord." This brave wife of a brave captain wrote later still proposing that we should make some effort to get this heavy sentence shortened, thinking that perhaps the captain might be able to stand incarceration at Warwick Gaol for a few days; but the shameful treatment to which he was subjected made this impossible, notwithstanding that his own doctor, who was attending him at the time, wrote to the gaol doctor informing him of his state of health. The following letter from Mrs. Maycock gives some particulars which we are sure will be read with interest and indignation, all over the land :—

"Dear General,—I had an impression that my husband was not under medical treatment, so I went and said I wanted to see him about paying the money. He was nearly dead. They have treated him in a most cruel way. He was as weak as a kitten, and now could hardly put one leg before the other. I hope by Monday he will be stronger. He had to get up at 6 o'clock, clean out his cell, then pick oakum. I asked him how he was, he said, 'Very bad.' I said 'Can you eat the food?' He said, 'No, I have not eaten any food since I have been here (he went on Wednesday), and could not.' He had not been warm or had any sleep since he had been in, and they had treated him like a dog, so I paid the money."

It is but a month or two since our dear brother broke up a comfortable home and left a prosperous business to spend his life for souls, and this is the treatment which, in Christian England, in 1879, is accorded to a man for preaching Jesus on the highways, even as Jesus preached himself.

Soul-saving goes on in spite of all opposition. Hallelujah. The Circus is crowded to excess.

RECRUITING SONG.

TUNE—"I'll drink when I'm dry."

Of Jesus I sing,
My Captain and King
Who maketh the land with His victories
ring.

CHORUS—
On God I rely,
All hell I defy,
I'll follow my Captain,
And fight till I die.

Recruiting He goes,
And Trumpets He blows,
And gleaneth up Soldiers amongst His
sworn foes.

He will have a band
Of men to command,
Call'd up by His standard and train'd
by His hand.

He takes and He tries
All sexes and size,
But such as look little are best in His
eyes.

The stately and tall
Must shrink into small,
Before they can learn to do duty at all.

Upon His own ground
A Balsam is found,
Which knits a bone broken, and heals
a bad wound.

All weapons of war
He forms by his care,
And teaches His Soldiers all hardships
to bear.

A cowardly crew
They seem at first view,
But led by their Captain great feats
they will do.

By day and by night
With evil they fight,
And never are foil'd when the Captain's
in sight.

Train'd up for a crown
They sing and march on,
And fight till the Captain pronounces
well done.

Till then give me hope,
To prop my heart up,
And all my poor neighbours to make a
new troop.

OUR COMRADES IN HEAVEN.

MRS. BOULD.

BORN and born again in Poplar. Her parents brought her up in all regard for the outward forms of religion. She went to the penitent-form with her father when she was about seventeen years of age, and ever afterwards maintained a profession of religion.

But, owing largely to the worldly influence of her husband, she had sunk into a state of heart-backsliding little removed from spiritual death when the Salvation Army entered Sheffield in February, 1878. Mr. Bould, looking at the walls for the latest theatrical announcement in the hope of finding some congenial amusement, saw that a woman was going to speak for God. He went to hear her, and at once surrendered to God, returned home saved, and began to pray.

Mrs. Bould lay ill at the time, but was visited by Mrs. Goddard and led back to her Saviour's side. Some months afterwards, at a holiness meeting held by Mr. Bramwell Booth, she came out and gave her all to God, becoming from that time a ready and willing witness for Jesus to the utmost of her power. Although naturally of a very quiet and retiring disposition, she spoke in the open air as well as in the less public in-door meetings, and was always most active amongst the penitents, whom it was her peculiar delight to talk to. She felt that nothing was worth living for but the salvation of souls, and warmly seconded her husband in his offer to break up the home and go out into the battle-field entirely.

He was appointed to command the 17th (Hammersmith), and there she specially interested herself in the younger sisters, many of whom found in her sympathetic friendship, counsel, and priceless help.

It was whilst standing on the damp ground at Captain Allen's funeral that she caught the cold which opened the way to her own grave. Returning home that day she said, "It will not be long before I lie beside him."

When, soon after this, her husband was promoted to the command of the 1st (Whitechapel) Corps, some one said to her, "You are going to Whitechapel to die; I'll come over and bury you there. She replied, "Never mind. I want to lie by Allen's grave."

Very shortly after the removal she became so ill as to be almost entirely confined to her home. She was only able to attend the hall two or three times. But her sick-room was a house of God and a gate of heaven to many. "Call and see my wife," the captain would say to doubters, and in the clear atmosphere of that outer court of paradise they saw Jesus, and came away firmly trusting Him. It was, indeed, a privilege to be near that suffering saint. The agonies of that internal and incurable disease which was eating her life away were such as to enlist the deepest sympathy of all who attended on her; but none of them ever heard one hasty or murmuring word escape her lips. Her frequent reply to those who remarked upon the intensity of the pain she had to endure was,

"Oh, this is nothing to what Jesus suffered for me. He shed drops of blood for me."

Notwithstanding the extreme danger of her condition, she repeatedly rose to the hope that God would again restore her to our midst, for her heart was in the war, and she trusted she should yet be made "a mighty woman."

Right nobly did the spirit of the dying soldier contrast with the squeamish respectability of some who have health and strength to fit them for the fiercest conflicts.

When the flag of her corps—presented to Captain Bould by Mrs. Booth—was carried home, she stretched out her hand, and grasping the lance, said,

"Soon you'll see me carry that flag. Oh, if I can only get out just once to carry it down the road!"

But, alas! the brave hope was not to be realised, and soon she began to look forward to and to talk of her decease in the same bright, cheery style. The excursion into the country, in which London corps had every year taken such

godly pleasure, was postponed again and again, owing to the continually uncertain and threatening weather, and was at last abandoned altogether when there seemed to be no hope of securing a fine day for it. But whilst the matter was still discussed in her presence, Mrs. Bould said,

"My excursion will be a better one than yours. There will be no rain, not a drop, and no damp ground where I am going."

"God will sanctify my death to you," she said to her husband. "I am only going a little while before you and you will have all the better welcome."

She had been a fond mother, and repeatedly urged upon all her children to meet her in heaven. One evening, when her eldest son was reading to her a chapter, which she expounded to him, he concluded with the Saviour's grand commission to His apostles to go into all the world, and she said to him,

"Ah, my boy, you will not have your mother long, there will be another mother in glory. I am going to drop the sword; but you must pick it up and fight manfully."

"John, be a good boy," she said to him one day. "I am always thinking about you. I won't die happy if you don't promise you'll meet me in heaven."

Her passage to the skies was as painful to the flesh and as glorious to the spirit as can well be conceived of. It really seemed as though heaven came to her rather than that she went to heaven. Her favourite song (198),

"Jesus Christ, He is here
Every bosom to cheer,"

was most fully realised in her case all through those months of suffering, but the nearer she got to the celestial gates the brighter the scene became.

One day when her son sang, "There are angels hovering round," she put her hands together and said, "Yes, bless the Lord," with that sweet smile which her perfect realisation of the things not seen enabled her so often to wear in spite of the most excruciating pains.

Another day, when they sang,

"I am sweeping through the gates,
And I'm wash'd in Jesu's blood,"

she said, "Yes, that's just my experience."

"How I long to be there,
And its glories to share,
And to lean on Jesu's breast,"

she said, with such longing looks as could only be given by one who clearly saw the longed-for prospect. "If ever it was possible to feel the presence of angels in a chamber it was just then," says one who stood by.

To a mother whose baby lay very ill she said,

"Oh, I wish I could take it with me." The little one died a week before Mrs. Bould, who said, when told of this,

"It'll not be many hours before I'm there." In her calm, bright way she added, "I have seen Him and shall soon be with Him."

The night before her death she was lying with eyes closed, the sweetest smiles lighting up her face, when all at once she extended both arms, beckoning with her hands as though to summon unseen friends to her embrace, and then she clasped her hands in an attitude of rapturous delight, raising them over her head.

"What do you see?" she was asked.

"What grandeur! How beautiful! What a multitude! I'm going there. It will not be long. Oh, what beautiful crowns they have!"

"Yes, you'll soon have yours on," said her husband.

"It's being put on now," she replied.

"Is it bright?"

"It might have been brighter."

This remark went to his heart, as he felt that he had been the hinderance to her attaining all she might have gained had he always been a partner of her spiritual joys.

"Never mind," said he, "you'll have a seat near the throne."

"Yes, I shall. I shall be very near the throne. I shall be there to greet all my friends as they come in."

The last words she was heard to speak, were,

"Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." For hours before her death, the struggle for breath was most painful, the earthly tabernacle beating to pieces as it were very slowly in the stormy waves; but at the last every vestige of suffering left her face, which wore in death the same peaceful smile which had so often made the tempest-tossed sufferer present a picture of the calm and lovely haven she was entering.

Amidst a great crowd of spectators, a large force of her comrades, with furled banners, laid her body near John Allen's, as she had wished, and then marched back with flying colours to fight on till Jesus comes.

PLYMOUTH AND DEVONPORT.

"WE are shut out of our Sunday Hall by the infidels," was the first news that met me at Plymouth. It seems infidelity has its sects, like Christianity. One of these had contrived to exclude us from the large hall we have mostly used on Sundays, but was in turn outwitted and ousted by a rival party, so that even in our own defeat we had some cause for rejoicing over the enemy, whose charge for admission happily keeps away many of the sort we desire to get at.

Surely never was an officer of this Army more widely known than Captain Dowdle. Wherever we walked, in any of the three or four towns grouped together under his control, he was instantly recognised and saluted with such salutes as only our captains receive. "Brother Dowdle will help us to roll it along," being the favourite.

From this, and from the huge congregations that have assembled Sunday after Sunday, one would have expected to find that a very large force indeed had been recruited from the great populations surrounding. But it seems to have been an extraordinarily tough fight somehow.

It is always a comfort, however, to reflect that whatever may be the qualities displayed by the enemy, those qualities will be turned to the best advantage when enlisted on the right side. The stand made by the sisters and brothers in both towns amidst the rowdies each evening was excellently stubborn, and the fighting of the sisters especially in two prayer-meetings was desperate in the extreme, rewarded in the first case by the capture of more than a score, and in the second of nearly a dozen prisoners. Upon the first of these occasions we had gone with some fourteen sisters from Plymouth to reinforce the Gipsy and the Devonport corps. Their school-room was packed to excess with more than 400 people. From the fall of the first penitent—a tall man—to the end the sisters laboured like true soldiers, and when the meeting was over marched all the two miles back, singing

"Christ alone shall be our portion,
Soon we hope to meet above,"

with conquerors' joy and faith.

I was not surprised, therefore, to see their devotion a few evenings later at the Central Hall, where five to six hundred people still come night after night after more than twelve months' services.

One very often hears the prayer, "Lord, save sinners all over the place," but rarely does any one seem to take means to attain this result. The men and women of Plymouth went in for it that night might and main. Wherever they found a sinner under conviction but holding back, a gang would surround him or her, and within the ring of fiery prayer there was in almost every case a complete downfall of the powers of darkness, and a real heart-broken surrender to our King. Our soldiers fought, in fact, just as people ought to do who are intended to "overcome," and "they overcame." If equally desperate fighting be carried on outside and in, many a stout sinner in Plymouth and Devonport will soon have to yield to Jesus, and so to form corps of great physical as well as spiritual strength.

R.

MISS BOOTH AT LYNN.

THE work here rolls on gloriously. Our soldiers fight well; it is especially pleasing to hear them sing. Not only in Lynn but for miles round the town it is well known that a marvellous work has been done and is still going forward. Many and mighty victories have been won, and Miss Booth has supplied us with some notes concerning some of the cases of conversion coming under her own notice.

"The last Sunday night I was here there was a beautiful sight, and in the Music Hall towards the close of the prayer-meeting, while we were busy speaking with the penitents, there was a sudden rush to the front. We raised our eyes to see a young man in great distress—a prodigal coming home. He fell on his knees and cried aloud for mercy. His father (who is a soldier in our Army) stamped his foot and shouted 'Glory' at the top of his voice. The mother (who is also with us) buried her face in her hands and wept for joy. At first he seemed in too great anguish of soul to do anything but groan, 'Lord, help me,' 'Lord, help me!' and the Lord *did* help. Light and peace came, and then he rose and threw his arms round his poor mother, and we looked on, and the angels looked on, and the Saviour looked on, as *we* sang in triumph with the angels! and some shouted, some wept; *one woman danced*. The hall was full of music! Yes, indeed,

"The heavenly music sounded sweetly through the air!"

A gentleman from Grimsby said to me the other morning: "I never saw such a sight in all my life as I saw Friday night on the platform in the Music Hall. I was with Captain Parkins the second Sunday she was in Lynn, and when I got inside last evening I felt I had been in the cold ever since; I scarcely knew some of the converts, they are so changed—clean faces, new coats, and one man I noticed had a white collar."

"Oh yes," I replied; "this is all the result of the wonderful change *within*. The Lord has wonderfully owned Captain Parkins here, and I want to tell of a *few* cases of conversion which have filled my heart with joy. I will begin with, I believe, her *first* convert.

"Taking her stand at the corner of a street she began to sing ALONE (for her colleague had not then arrived)—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

"This attracted the attention of a woman who was sitting in her house reading a novel, and after calling to her neighbours that a woman was singing in the streets, she tied on her foot the sole of a shoe with a piece of string, and went out to see. While listening she says, '*I felt a change go right through me!*' and dates her conversion to that time. She then began to pray for her husband, and when he came home drunk she would be on her knees. One night he was not so bad as usual, and came in quieter. She did not notice him enter, and went on praying. This was too much for him: *he got on his knees beside her and cried for mercy*. Captain Parkins testifies to the change in their home and in the children since Jesus entered."

Here is another man who has been **thirty-five years a drunkard**, and three months in the Army.

Another man says, "Some one asked him if he had heard the Hallelujah Lasses." He said "No." On his way to spend his Saturday evening at the public-house he was met by the open-air band, they announced a free and easy, and he thought he would see what it was like; but, telling us afterwards, he said, "I was not very free and far from easy." He passed a very wretched week, and made up his mind to give it up and go and get a pint; but still, he adds, "I felt impressed to follow them again into the Blackfrier's Hall, and I not only got a pint—

"But it comes in floods, we can't contain,
We drink and drink and drink again,
And yet we still are dry."

Another tells us what an awful swearer he was, and how he used to beat his wife; but now he can't do enough for her, and if the meals are not ready he and the little maid begin to sing some of our Army songs.

A man here was one of the most deeply convicted sinners I have ever seen, he was in an agony, and declared that he was a lost man. I declared there was hope. I shall never forget how he jumped at that word hope, and then how he prayed and wrestled, and fasted, and wept. Five weeks under conviction and all who saw him feared he would lose his reason; but at last light came, and Captain Parkins tells me he is happy; his wife tells us he had never been on his knees since they were married, though more than 50, and he never entered the house without an oath. Praise the Lord, there is pardon for the vilest.

There is a man who has spent a thousand pounds in drink, has been a wife beater, has been guilty of almost all, but now has got a clean heart. On his way home from the gala, where he had been spending the afternoon, and had spent all his money, a wretched fellow, he turned in to hear the lasses, and every word that was said went to his heart and made him feel worse than ever; he told me that he went out of the place and got half-way home, but was obliged to return. They were singing—

"Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more,
I sink, by dying love compelled."

"I got so far," he adds, "when Captain Parkins laid her hand on mine and said, 'Do you?' and I followed her to the front, and lost the burden. *I ran all the way home, my heart was so light.*" This man is now working with us.

And these are only a few of many, very many. The Lord is saving on the right hand, and on the left, one man, out of a gang of 10, who was a dog fancier, became convicted. At first he had a sharp controversy about giving up his "ferrets," &c., to which he was much attached, but he decided, gave them up, got saved, and joined the Army, and now eight out of the 10 are saved, and the other two, I hear, under conviction. "Ah!" said a man to Mr. Teare (a gentleman who has taken great interest in the movement, and rendered valuable assistance), "our shop is very different to what it used to be, instead of swearing and quarrelling you will hear them singing hymns." And that is the work of the Army, by the power of God to make things different, to put right what is wrong, and if we cannot do this without making a noise, we must make one; yea! and turn "the world upside down" in order to bring men to themselves and to point them to Jesus. Captain Parkins and her colleagues and the soldiers only have to "go on," to hold fast, trusting in the same God who has helped them in the past to help them in the future, and victory is certain.

All Lynn for Jesus! We must not rest short of that. We are about to build here, and at once. I said in our last that "All this Corps wanted was room." The Lord is going to give us room! The Lord's people are going to help us! If you do, He will say in that day when He comes to reckon up His jewels to you, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Subscriptions will be received by Mr. Teare, Wesley House (Treasurer for the New Hall Fund), or by Mr. Jermyn, High Street, Secretary, or by
19, Railway Road, Lynn.

CAPTAIN PARKINS.

LEICESTER (22ND).

HEARING of the different engagements up and down the land, and the wonderful victories achieved by the different regiments of the Army in the name and through the power of our all-conquering King, our soldiers, with their swords drawn and their hearts made white in the blood of the Lamb, have urged on their

rapid course, driving the devil in this hell-deserving town in all directions, and as we have been enabled by grace divine to lead them on and on our hearts have swelled with great delight, and we are fully made up to fight and never yield again till the King shall reign.

Bass Fiddler, under the influence of strong drink like the *Philistine Giant*, squared up before our lines, and we opened a steady fire, shot him right in the heart, and he has been dead to sin ever since, but alive unto God, and is now a bandsman of the 22nd, and sinners of all sorts and all sizes are continually grounding arms at the Saviour's feet, too numerous to mention here, and we are going forward to take the town by storm, God helping us.

"The Converted Judge" from Limehouse paid us a visit on August 4th, Bank Holiday, when we had a mighty time. The enemy appeared in strong force to attack us, but we proved too strong for them, and got the victory, and so we shall; with holiness of heart and life we will drive every thing before us, and shout Hallelujah!

Yours in the Army of Salvation,

CAPTAIN BENNETT, the Black Prince, and
LIEUT. FOSTER, the Publican's Son.

Foundry Yard, Foundry Lane.

OPENING FALMOUTH.

HAVING secured an old Baptist chapel here, seating some 500, for five nights a week, as well as Sunday evenings, Captain and Mrs. Trenhail were appointed to lead the attack, and though we have no regular report, we give some extracts from letters to Headquarters describing what is, we feel sure, the beginning of a great work.

Brother Edmonds and Brother Lawley with one of his Hayle men, came up to help the first Sunday; of the Monday the captain writes:—

"Last night my wife and myself went into the open air; and, as soon as we began, the people came running to us, and in a few minutes we had a great crowd—just two of us. Many seemed to ask, 'Are you the Salvation Army?' We invited them inside. The chapel was well filled below, and many in the gallery."

Later, he says:—

"We had a grand go in the open air last night again. People came in all directions. Hundreds of people around us. Good order. Blessed go inside; more of the rough class; not quite so many of the respectables. Powerful meeting. Deep conviction."

Sisters Pick and Thompson were now ordered up to assist, and Brother Trenhail writes:—

"The sisters arrived. Grand open-air meetings these two nights. I am believing for a mighty work. People are coming from Penryn and all parts to see and hear the Salvation Army."

After the second Sunday he says:—

"On Saturday night we had a good open-air and fine meeting. Three souls. One old woman and her son.

"On Sunday morning we went about the streets. In the afternoon it was very wet. At night not so many people as I expected."

Again:—

"We are having good meetings. Souls, Monday and last night. Five last night. One in great distress, broken-hearted, cried aloud, roused the place. Place crowded below. People weeping. God is moving. Hallelujah!

"We had a smash last night. They were coming out grand. Broken down; burst out aloud and called aloud all the way to the penitent-form. One young woman made a tremendous noise, she shouted, 'Glory! glory! glory!' We have hard work to get the people away when we close. The place is all in an uproar."

Later still:—

"The last three nights we have had it first class. Friday, place full. Souls seeking. Saturday, not so full. Some saved. Our bed came last night. It has been a long

time on the way. Good outside meeting and inside was very full. Again people seem to come in great numbers, and a great number are convinced but hold out yet. We must open at Penryn."

And we must, if we can, get a building. And while men listen and God works and the devil is vexed and defeated, we must keep opening till we have opened every town and village and valley in the land. Pray for Falmouth and

10, Vernon Place.

CAPTAIN TRENHALL, his Wife, and
Sisters PICK and THOMPSON.

CAPTAIN BALLINGTON BOOTH IN THE NORTH.

HOLINESS MEETING AT SOUTH SHIELDS.—Amongst the numerous holiness meetings I have attended since leaving London, I think none have been more glorious in influence or manifestly blessed in results than this one. North and South Shields, joined by a small force from Jarrow and some Christians from other denominations, mustered some 1,200 admitted by tickets. A sanctifying influence and convincing power seemed to steal over all as we sang "I am coming to the Cross." And we did get to the Cross—to its very foot. After prevailing prayer, Captains Smith, Haywood, and Coombs gave powerful testimonies of Christ's taking away and keeping from the desire of sin. I felt unutterably filled with the Spirit. Never shall I forget the scene that took place when all unsanctified were asked to come forward. It seemed as if Christ said, "What will ye that I should do unto you?" Some, when it came to real definite work, we found had not yet the witness of pardon; others had for years been hungering and thirsting for deliverance from the power of sin, but had been clinging to some fond idol. There was a cry on all sides. Some 15 or 16 rushed to the front. "Oh, Lord, I'll not get up till Thou hast sanctified me!" said one young man. "My Lord, my Saviour!" said a dear young woman, "You know for years this is what I have been seeking; oh, Jesus, Jesus, give it to me!" And He did, and she rose, clapped her hands, and shouted for joy. After this, over 20 more rushed forward; while those who had obtained the blissful peace stood round singing, with faces of rapture and tears of joy, "I am sure, I am sure Jesus saves, Jesus saves, and His blood makes me whiter than snow." More idols cast at Christ's feet; more rose feeling the liberty; more room was made for those yet seeking; more rushed forward; and while weeping and wrestling and groaning on all sides, a young man cried out, "I'm willing! I'm willing! I'm willing!" "What are you willing to do, my brother?" I asked. "Oh," he replied, "willing to confess Christ before my shopmates." Some nine or ten times the forms were cleared, until over 200 came forward seeking in an agony of soul a heart and life of purity.

We finished this blessed meeting with *two hundred and fifty testimonies*. Amidst triumphant songs, hearty "Amens," and loud "Hallelujahs!" our Sisters Smith and Pennock have left this town for other places, where God is equally blessing their labours. Let us pray for Sisters Mason and Saville, who have taken their place.

Bridgeton.—Glasgow II.—The fame of Christ's wonderful doings, through our sisters at this Corps, has really seemed to spread through all Glasgow. On stepping off the train at Bridgeton Cross one night we found an immense crowd waiting the appearance of the Hallelujah Lasses and their comrades.

"We have come several miles every night this week, sir, to hear these lasses; but the crowd has been so great we have been unable to get in," said two men who were determined to hear all they could from them outside.

Standing at that ring we saw tears and smiles, and heard loud amens, and shouts of praise, as one after another, amid breathless attention, told us of the wonderful change in their hearts and lives and homes.

"I will announce the service inside." "No, sir, we have nowhere to put the

people," Captain Boyce replied, "the hall is crammed; it has been so half an hour before the time every night since we commenced." So after telling all to be there early for a seat the following night, we marched for the "Salvation Mill," where, with the passage full, the stairs crowded, and the hall packed, I spent one of the happiest nights of my life.

Felling.—I was cheered, encouraged, and revived by the pleasing force of soldiers by which our sisters were surrounded on the open-air stand the two nights I spent here.

Gateshead.—Captain Wright's tea and meeting made a pleasing night, and was a great success. The hall was packed, and many were unable to gain admittance. Councillor Stainthorpe, who presided, expressed his great delight at the singing. He had great pleasure in being here, and was sure the work was of God.

There was a glorious meeting, with glorious testimonies, and glorious finish. **Sunderland.**—We have not space to describe the blessed hallowed time we spent here last Saturday night and Sunday with two noble processions bringing immense crowds to the theatre, in which 3,000 people crammed to hear the Gospel message. We had a wonderful service. A triumphant day—three times out and four times in, and always gaining the victory.

On Tuesday *One Hundred* came forward for holiness. God having graciously raised me from a bed of illness, I am feeling more than ever determined to wage a renewed and increasingly desperate warfare against the powers of darkness.

BALLINGTON BOOTH.

STROUD (102ND CORPS).

PRAISE God! Victory is ours through the blood of the Lamb. God is saving by families; we have father, mother, daughter, three brothers, and two of their wives, on their happy way to heaven. Husbands and wives, and not a few, glory to God, have also started for the kingdom. Oh, hallelujah! drunkards are being made sober; we have had 123 sign the temperance pledge. Our class, glory to God, increases every week—it now numbers 125; we are rising and the work of God is reviving.

This is a testimony of Bro. P's. :—

"I left my home on Sunday, August 12th, as usual, for a stroll, and entered a public-house, and while there drinking, such thoughts as these entered my mind: Here am I, a respectable man, of a respectable position in life, spending the Sabbath like this; and, hearing that some school sermons were to be preached at the Randwick Church, I went, and heard the minister preach from the text, 'The Lord hath need of him.' The sermon seriously impressed me, and made me anxious for the state of my soul, and the following week I went and heard the Salvation Army, and stayed to the anxious inquirers' meeting, and I went backwards and forwards for three weeks before giving my heart to God. When asked to go to the penitent-form I would answer not to-night, until Friday, the 18th of September, when I went out, and it was not long before I knew my sins were forgiven; and now, thanks be to God, I am one of the happiest men in Stroud."

6, Nelson Street.

SARAH SAYERS, Captain.

COVENTRY (35TH CORPS)

IS driving the devil and taking the kingdom of Heaven by force; all hell is roused to prevent us, but on we go with blood and fire singing our war songs, no surrender. Every night thousands of people throng the streets to see our army march and hear them sing. There is great excitement in the town just now; the council have had a discussion about us, one wanted to put us down,

but another put him down, saying, "That our army had done a great deal of good in Coventry, and we ought to be protected." This seemed to agitate the publicans, and they have organised an army for the devil, and hold meetings near to us in the open air, then they form in procession, singing our hymns, and go through the streets by thousands from 6.30 till 10.0 p.m., and during that time they travel miles. The town is very much alarmed by it, and the police are afraid of a riot, and many of them are out to preserve the peace. The whole thing is got up on purpose to put us down; but Hallelujah! we are going up, and, in doing so, are driving the devil and capturing some of his biggest guns, which have been loaded with love and filled with the Spirit, and fired at him every night.

No. 1.—A German organ-grinder who played in public-houses to amuse sinners and please the devil, and has done so for many years, but now saved and going to glory.

No. 2.—A publican's wife came out of curiosity in the midst of excitement, sat near the platform, got convinced of sin and the horrors of hell, she then cried for mercy, got saved and went home happy.

No. 3.—A drunken infidel that travels about the country with a horse and trap, and many times he has come from Birmingham to Coventry lying at the bottom of the cart drunk in the middle of the night, and has depended on his horse to bring him home safe. He has cursed the Bible, and his wife, and God many a time. He came to our service, and God shook him under the power of the Gospel; he went out miserable, but had to come back again to give his heart to God. He is a very useful man with us now.

No. 4.—A drunken wife-beater says, "I have been the biggest sinner in the town, many a time I have thrashed my wife and given her black eyes instead of money. I was a great blackguard, too; but now I am saved, and we have a happy home. I mean to fight for God and the Salvation Army."

No. 5.—A converted thief has been to prison many times for house-breaking and poaching, he has been a theatrical performer, and, as he says, "Been up to every game on the board." He was attracted to our service one Sunday by the persecution we met with by being drenched with water; he is now a very useful man amongst us, he speaks at all our meetings, and distributes tracts in his leisure time all over the town.

No. 6.—A Jewess saved, been wretched through sin, came to our services, heard of Christ's love to sinners, she repented of sin, cried for mercy, got saved and went home happy.

This is work that maddens devils and make angels shout for joy. It is better to obey God than man. It is true that many mighty miracles are wrought in the name of the Lord by our army, and we have manifestations of it in our meetings every night. Shall we stop? Oh, no! for woe is me if I preach not the Gospel, so we mean for all to hear it. God help us! Amen. Amen.

From yours faithfully,

CAPTAIN CADMAN,

Leading on the 35th Corps to victory.

No. 4, Cope Street, Coventry.

NORTHERN NOTES.

By MAJOR CORBRIDGE.

Seaham Harbour.—Meggie Gray reports, "Crowded out on Sunday, five souls. Half the members had to go and hold another meeting elsewhere."

Bedlington.—The man who was only three-parts saved for five months is finished now. He says, "I am saved right enough now, I have the witness." Captain Clenton reports, "Ten souls in one week, three women, seven men. Twelve fresh folks at the Believers' Assembly."

Blaydon.—I spent an hour here. One soul came to the penitent-form without an invitation, and soon found peace.

Bishop Auckland.—At the close of a tea-meeting here we had five. One man fell between Brother Payne and myself, and cried for mercy; others followed, and all professed to find peace.

Schildon.—A man here says, "*It is better felt than tell't.*"

Darlington.—I spent a few of the happiest days of my life in this town. Thursday, September 18th, we had a Holiness meeting, and over 40 professed to obtain a clean heart. The experiences I listened to from the converts were enough to melt an angel. One man had been 39 times in gaol, and said, "I have paid away hatsfull of money to the police-courts for fines;" but now he is a new creature in Christ Jesus.

Another said, "When I got saved I felt my sins roll all down my back. I saw the Hallelujah Lasses, and I thought what a lump of difference between them and me. The old devil said, 'Don't go to the repentant-form,' but I did go, and the Lord saved me."

We could give 50 similar cases if time and space would allow. I would recommend all our friends (that possibly can) to go and see the work for themselves.

New fund for extension and helping struggling stations was started here. All present seemed to feel it a pleasure to help in this way, and we started with £10. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Bad trade at nearly all our stations is sending our new converts to foreign parts. I have just heard of 25 from one station, this keeps us poor. Will our rich friends help us?

9, Poplar Crescent, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

MANCHESTER.

THE SALVATION TEMPLE.

IT is now five months since I saw the work in this town, and did not anticipate then at all that I should have to succeed Captain Ballington Booth, but remembering your advice, that "Holiness and hard work succeed anywhere," I went in with a determination to conquer, and Hallelujah, very many have been the slain of the Lord, and are now living monuments of His sparing mercy. The police are now inside as well as out, helping us as occasion requires. Our open-air meetings have been productive of much good—also our daily afternoon meeting has been blessed to the salvation of many precious souls.

The following are a few of the cases converted, and now, with many more, are testifying to His power to keep—"All Glory be to God."

Forty years in the Devil's service.—This dear man, the father of one of our officers at an important station, said he believed God sent Captain Tucker and his host outside his door last month—he was sure his daughter and friends were pleading with God—he felt so miserable. The Holy Spirit gave him no rest—he felt that every word that was spoken was directed at him (so it was); he had to rush to his chamber and pour out his heart in supplication before his maker, that the sins of forty years and the sin that was cursing his life might be pardoned, and that henceforth his full determination was to serve Him in holiness and purity. This is the fourth in the same family brought to Christ, and the fifth known conversion through this one open-air meeting.

Wine and Spirit Salesman.—He came to several of our meetings, was convinced, but was kept back by the banter of the surrounding mass of roughs. Upon being asked to decide, he said he could not seek salvation because of his business, but he finally gave up all, and found God true to His promise. *The*

situation was given up, and although now in want, he still refuses to go back to the same trade.

A Young Drunkard.—This young man came one Saturday night drunk; his conscience was thoroughly aroused when he came out to the penitent-form, and cried fully an hour for God *to spare him, until he became sober*. The praying host pleaded earnestly for him. God sobered him. He gave his heart to the Saviour and signed the pledge. His brother-in-law, who was there, hardly knew what to do he was so happy. Hallelujah!

A Gambler.—Another man said, "I thank God to-night, because I am not in the gambling saloon. I was on the way there the other night, but I hesitated and said I would go to the beerhouse; I got to the top of Grosvenor Street when I again changed my mind, came here and got saved. If I had known religion was so good I would have had it years ago."

Brother Jas. Broadbent, from Leeds, was with us three days recently, during which seventeen slaves were emancipated, and entered into the liberty of God.

Bradford, Manchester.—A young man who was spoken to by a missionary on board a ship in London, told him it was no use talking to him, because he had a steel heart; but, Hallelujah! he said at an assembly meeting, "I came to the Army, and now thank God that, although I had a steel heart, I am now on my way to heaven. The same night I got saved my brother threw a cup of ale over me, because I told him I was converted."

This is only one among many carters, drunkards, and persecutors, that have been caught in the Gospel-net since we commenced here.

Tracts and money urgently needed.

Yours in the fight,
FRANCIS H. TUCKER, EMMANUEL ROLFE,
THOMAS S. MACHIN, WILLIAM JOHNSON.

FIRST FRUITS OF MEXBORO' IN THE GLORY LAND.

GLORY be to God! One of the first-fruits of our labours in Mexboro' gone home to glory. Brother Lacy, not being able to get work in Derbyshire, and having a wife and seven children to get bread for, came to Mexboro', and got work at Manvers Main Colliery. He was a man given to drinking and swearing; but while we were speaking in the Market-place the Spirit of God showed him he was a sinner. He followed to the theatre, at which a prayer-meeting was being held, fell at the feet of Jesus, and was washed in the Blood of the Lamb. He witnessed for Jesus in the open air, and whilst he was speaking inside he would weep for joy to think the Lord had saved such a black sinner as he had been.

The night before he met with his accident he was in the open air. He had been saved about a month. He went to his work on Monday morning. He had only been there about a quarter of an hour when from three to four hundredweights of coal fell upon him. He lingered six weeks. I went to see him the same morning he died. I said, "Is it all right, Brother Lacy?" He said, "I am happy in Jesus." He asked us to sing. We sang—

"Tossing like a troubled ocean,
Leaning on my Saviour's breast."

I shall never forget the joy that lit up his face.

Although in such agony of body, he prayed and sang with us. He sent for his wife from Derbyshire, and his first words to her were, "Give God your heart, and meet me in heaven." Some of us visited him every day, and had some grand prayer-meetings in his room, when his wife got saved. Glory be to God! He often asked his wife to sing, "I'm a Pilgrim bound for Glory." He fell asleep in Jesus on Thursday, September 18. "He is not dead, but gone before."

On the following Sunday we had a regular mission funeral. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of his workmates and members of the Army. We led the procession

of about 300 in the ranks, besides those who were following. When we got to the cemetery, Brother Prestly read the service, and asked those present to fill his place in the Army. At night we had a mighty time; place crowded; six souls. Oh, Hallelujah! Gave out we were going to preach his funeral sermon on the next Sunday, September 28. Brother Prestly told them his "division" would be parting in death and meeting in glory. When Sunday came there was such a crush that the hinges of the door were broken, and many could not get in. About 1,000 got packed in. The power of God came down all over the place, and what with weeping and praying, believing, shouting, and rejoicing, every one there ought to have been converted. We were determined to make a dash into the ranks of the enemy. We succeeded, by the power of God, in bringing seven to the feet of Jesus. Glory be to God! Our motto is, "Mexboro' for Jesus." I wish the theatre was larger, for talk about a Turkish bath, we get one for nothing, praise the dear Lord. He has done great things for us, but we are expecting greater. Well, I'm sure it's getting better. I feel it in my soul.

Yours in the Salvation Army, washed in blood and filled with glory,

JANE COOK,
ELIZABETH WILSON.

Theatre Royal, Garden Street, Mexboro'.

LIGHTS BURNING.

MAJOR CORBRIDGE sent us the following testimonies given at meetings he attended, but they were crowded out last month. They read well. What hath God wrought?

NEWCASTLE.

No. 1 said, "It's three months since I gave God my heart, and now I have got the blessing of holiness, which is like a second conversion. I live in Christ and Christ in me."

No. 2.—"It's 20 weeks since I cried for mercy in this hall," said a big man, "and many said I'd turn again, but they all have been deceived in the way I still remain."

No. 3.—"It's 14 weeks since I made a start, and it's been the happiest 14 weeks of my life. Glory be to God, may He keep me faithful."

No. 4.—"Three months ago I came to this hall to make game, and the Lord made game of me, He convinced me of my sin and saved my soul."

No. 5.—"I was saved the first week the Hallelujah Lasses were here, and God has kept me ever since; but, last week, when Brother Cook, the Hallelujah Schoolmaster, was here, I got a clean heart, hallelujah!"

No. 6.—"It's nine weeks since I began to pray, and I feel His love to-day. Bless His name."

No. 7.—"Last Sunday I was doing a double shuffle, to-day I am with God's people. I have studied Shakespeare, and done a bit on the stage; now I am saved, and am going to help to 'Roll the old chariot along.'"

No. 8.—"I got the second dip the Sunday Mr. Ballington Booth was here, and I've been living in the fountain ever since."

No. 9.—"I've been a Christian 25 weeks; but I got the blessing when Brother and Sister Corbridge were here. I do thank God for the Salvation Army."

No. 10 said, "I know of eight or nine gasmen who have been saved since Captain Wilson and his wife came here, and one publican is £5 per week out of pocket through the Salvation Army reclaiming so many drunkards."

GATESHEAD.

No. 1.—"I thank God that ever I tumbled into the fountain. Any of you old drunkards here come and tumble at the feet of Jesus, like I tumbled, and He'll put you all right."

No. 2.—"The Lord has put me into a preacher. I hardly know myself. My wife was saved first, and then she led me to hear the Hallelujah Lasses in the Alexandra Hall, and I shook like an aspen leaf. I had signed the pledge as many times as I have fingers and toes, and broke it every time; but now I am saved from everything sinful. My wife and I have a family altar, and God keeps me."

No. 3.—"It's seven months now since I made a start, and I am altogether a new creature."

No. 4.—"I have only been saved three months, but it's the best three months of my life, I can tell you. Amen."

No. 5.—"I was saved last Sunday, and feel Jesus precious to my heart. Glory be to God."

No. 6.—"I thank God for saving me in the Bottle Bank on the 12th of March. About half-past nine I was set at liberty, and every time I pass the old place my heart leaps within me."

No. 7.—"Just about seven months since I went to hear the Hallelujah Lasses, and I found peace, and I mean to press forward to the end."

No. 8.—"I thank God I'm saved and washed in the Blood of the Lamb."

No. 9.—"Yes, I will stand up for Jesus. He has sweetly saved my soul."

No. 10.—"I found the blessing of pardon at the Salvation Courthouse, and I mean to go on. Amen."

No. 11.—"The Cross now covers my sin; the past is under the Blood. I'm trusting in Jesus, for all my will is the will of my God."

No. 12.—*Four up together* to testify all thanked God that ever the Hallelujah Lasses came to Gateshead. I find I must close, as I have over 50 testimonies dotted down in my pocket-book.

LIVERPOOL.

(From the "LIVERPOOL PROTESTANT STANDARD.")

THE SALVATIONISTS ATTACKED BY THE MOB.—SMASHING OF THE WINDOWS OF EBENEZER HALL.

AT the Salvation Army meeting last Sunday afternoon in the Ebenezer Hall the harmony of the proceedings was greatly disturbed by a large body of roughs, numbering some thousands, who were inside and outside the hall. Several windows of the hall were broken by stones during the course of the afternoon, and much alarm was felt by respectable people present as the glass came crashing in. Seeing that Captain Skidmore and none of the speakers of the army attack the Church of Rome in their addresses, it appears strange that they should have excited the ill-feeling of the Roman Catholics in the neighbourhood. All the speakers confined themselves solely to preaching Christ as the Saviour of sinners; and there can be no doubt as to their genuineness and earnestness in the cause of Christ. It would be well for society if many of the ministers of the present day undertook so much hard work for God and the salvation of the souls of the masses of the people, and stood so much persecution for Christ's sake, as the leaders of the Salvation Army do in Liverpool.

Missions to the heathen abroad may be talked about, but greater heathens perhaps on the face of the earth could not be found than among many of the inhabitants of this neighbourhood. The police last Sunday had several times to be called into the hall to eject those persons who were making a noise and disturbing the meeting; and on their being turned out their companions in the streets raised deafening cheers to show their approval of their conduct. It was noticeable that the women in the meeting who made a disturbance were far worse in their behaviour than the men, and they were composed largely of prostitutes and basket girls. The wildest confusion prevailed near the door, owing to the determined manner in which a number of persons resisted their being put forth from the meeting, and the cursing and swearing caused great alarm to the respectable portion of the audience for their own personal safety. In the course of an address given by Sister Bullis, which was frequently interrupted, she pointed out that going to church or chapel and calling themselves religious would not get them to heaven. She urged her hearers to see that they did not neglect their souls' salvation, and to prepare to meet God.

Captain Skidmore, at the close, said that God could curb the devil and overthrow him, and out of the stratagems of the devil bring souls to Himself. Let them never mind a bit of persecution, and let them not be afraid or tremble,

because God was with them, and He was more than all that could be against them. All the powers of the wicked one were in arms to stay the mighty work that was to be done in Liverpool. But, bless God, they should go on! God it was who fought their battle for them.

The meeting was brought to a close by the singing of the hymn, "There is a land that is fairer than day"—"a land," Captain Skidmore said, "without a stone in it."

Outside the building some hundreds of people were congregated waiting to see the Salvationists leaving the hall. On the Salvationists emerging from thence the crowd set up a series of loud yells and howls, and seemed to be disappointed on finding that there were eight or nine policemen and an inspector to protect them on their way home. As Captain Skidmore and his companions turned up Stanhope-street they were followed by a crowd of two or three thousand persons, and there could be little doubt, if the police had not been present, they would have had to endure some violent treatment from the mob. The police in vain several times attempted to turn the crowd back; and it certainly was a matter of surprise that they were so lenient with many of the ringleaders. The utmost excitement prevailed in the neighbourhood, and many persons expressed their surprise at the behaviour of the mob on the Sabbath day. The Salvationists on entering Windsor-street were left by the police at the corner of Stanhope-street, and proceeded onwards to go to the house they resided in by way of Gray-street and Avison-street, but the conduct of the mob, now that the police had left them, became so violent that they had to take refuge in a house at 26, Penrith-street, the door of which was kicked open by a man, who attempted to force his way in. As the mob congregated in vast numbers round the house, the police again came up, and were successful this time in their attempts to disperse the crowd.

WILLINGTON (COUNTY DURHAM).

GOD is moving upon this town in mighty saving power. The Prince of Wales's Theatre, which has been used long for the amusement of men on the way to hell, is now engaged night after night for the salvation of souls, and since I came here and unfurled the Banner many of the vilest have been gloriously saved. Hallelujah!

Although the theatre is draughty, we are mending it up and getting ready for a mighty campaign this winter. Pray for this whole region round about. I must tell you what some of my men say about themselves now they are saved and fighting in the ranks.

"About a fortnight ago," says a pitman, "you would have found me drunk, and laying on the tap-room floor in just the state I came out of the pit; but now, thank God, I am drinking all the time at the fountain that never runs dry."

"I heard," says another, "that 'a Hallelujah man-catcher' had come, and I went to see what he was like. I am glad I caught sight of him, for that night I caught sight of Jesus, and now I am happy."

"I am thankful to God the Salvation Army ever came. I was a swearing wretch of a mother to my children, but now, thank God, I can take them by the hand and train them for heaven. It seems as though the house and all is altered now."

Hallelujah Jack, as he is called, says:—"I am thankful the Army ever came here. I was one of the worst: swearing and cursing from morning till night. I went with my companion into the 'Prince of Wales's' to scoff and to break down their singing, but before I could get out God broke my heart, and I soon found myself at the penitent-form. I gave myself to Jesus. I am happy, and can pass the public-house now."

A Praying Mother says:—"I was the only one, and many a time I have prayed to have a family-altar set up in my house, but could not; but now,

thank God, since the Army came I have had four daughters saved, and we are all praying for the father."

Many more such we could give. Crowds come continually to hear. Pray for us.

Yours at the front,

CAPTAIN WRIGHT.

High Street, Wellington-by-Crook.

CONSETT HALLELUJAH MEETING.

II.

7. "WELL, friends, to-night I praise God because I am in the Army—the Army of God in Jesus. About seven years ago I used to attend church and chapel—church, I should say—as regularly as any one; but I got in with a lot of companions, and I was led astray—led into the public-houses. Well, going to the public-houses was not sufficient for me; *I even took the bottle with me to church!* Thanks be to God, He gave me a desire to come to hear the Hallelujah Lasses. I came on the Sunday afternoon, sat in the corner there, and sang some hymns as heartily as any one. Well, on the Monday following, I thought about myself. There were some young converts came into the mills. Although it cut me very keenly then, I did not say anything to them. Well, I went home changed, and was coming up to hear the Hallelujah Lasses again; but this time the devil was lying in me. 'Now ask them,' says he, 'where such and such a thing is, and try to puzzle them'; but I found that I was glad to give up to God my heart. The devil was mocking God, and God mocked the devil, and since that time I have been pressing forward to the mark of my high calling, which is in Christ Jesus. May the Lord bless you and keep you. Amen."

8. "Bless the Lord, our God. I know that the religion of Christ is a reality, because I feel it in my heart. My heart goes forth to the Lord. I was a noted blasphemer; and, glory to God, to-night I rejoice, for I am redeemed."

9. "I thank God, because I know that I am saved. I have been a dreadful drunkard. *I started to drink when I was 8 years old;* but, thank God, through coming here, I was brought to a knowledge of my awful state, and now I can rejoice in my Saviour. May the Lord keep me steadfast."

10. "Well, friends, I used to walk the streets of Consett a dark, polluted, hell-deserving sinner. I used to seek pleasure at the public-houses, and I have seen that side of life; and, oh friends, I would warn you to beware. To-night, I can rejoice in God as the God of my salvation. My prayer is that I may be kept steadfast."

11. "I thank God to-night for what He has done for me. I remember, about nine years ago, telling my dear mother I would go and 'list to be a soldier, if she would not give me money to drink; but I thank God that I am now 'listed to be a soldier for Jesus Christ. May the Lord bless you."

12. "It is seven months since I joined the Army. I rejoice in God to-night, because I know that my sins, that were many, are now all washed away. I have a right to be thankful. I used to take a delight in going to the ball-room and the gambling school. I was a regular attendant at Sunday School; but, through getting away with bad companions, I was led into ball-rooms and such-like hells of the world, and from them I was led away to the gambling school. One Sunday, instead of going to the Sunday School, I walked off with my companions, and we went to the gambling school, and the fruits of it was that I had 10s. 6d. to pay; but, bless God, since I joined the school of the Lord there are no ten-and-sixpences to pay. May God bless me with you. Amen."

ANNIE JACKSON.

Rose Mount.